What’s in a name.

In 1959 my parents moved to Germany because my father was transferred by the army . He was a food inspector and made sure the food was safe for our soldiers serving our country . My parents were newly married with two children Kevin aged five and Cathy three. They had been there an unknown amount of time because I never heard that part of the story. I only know that on October 11th my brother Kevin was waiting for my dad to come home from the base for lunch and he was leaning against the window screen explaining to his friend down below that he couldn’t play. When suddenly the window screen broke loose and he fell three stories to his death.

I never knew him. But it was his name that I carry. Karin spelled differently to honor Kevin. I was born October 12th exactly one year later to a grieving, tormented mother and an older sister who claimed responsibility for pushing Kevin’s shirt out the window.

A mistake I made in the past.

As a third grader I was getting a bit acceptance hungry and I had a bit of a crush on Robbie Mattingly. He was tall dark and handsome. I over heard him talking about wanting to get his hands on a magazine called Playboy that had naked pictures in them. I really didn’t know what Playboy was but for some reason I said “oh I have some at home!” All the sudden I had several young bachelors surrounding me looking intently “No you don’t “ Ooh yes I do”! Bet you a quarter you don’t” A quarter heck I needed the money. “ yes I do “ Prove it bring it to school on Monday “.

As I sat down I realized it wasn’t Playboy we had at home but National Geographic.

I felt sort of sick to my stomach and a little head achy.

“where am I going to get a quarter?”

That night I knelt by my bed an prayed with all my might ( like Jesus in the Greatest Story Ever Told)

“Dear God please help me get that magazine for Robbie. I really want him to like me and I said I would bring it….please I ‘d do anything I’ll ….promise to always be your serbvant I’ll be a nun.” Amen

The next morning I totally forgot all about the magazine and I when Frankie from across the street asked if I wanted to ride bikes I was totally into it. Ah the freedom we rode to the field and traversed up and down the terrain and discovered a new construction site to be explored. We decided to play hide and seek and as I was hiding beind a stack of cinder blocks I saw Frankie on the other side I reached up to climb over to jump down to scare him when I felt something ing the hole of the cinder block I pulled out a magazine called Hustler. From my first glance I knew I was destined for the nunnery.

I must confess I was planning a secret way to bring it to school because after seeing a few of the pictures I knew this was top bad stuff. And boy will Ricky pay me a quarter.

I took my yellow plastic brief case placed the mag in between the papers and workbooks I brought back and forth from home and school. Then During Math time Ricky and his friends stood around my desk

“So Do you have the magazine?”

“Do you have the quarter?

Yes.

“Here look”.

I opened the miraculous magazine up as the guys gathered around me looking over my shoulders peering on to the most massive set of knockers any child could imagine. I was shocked. You see I never really opened it because I knew looking at the human body was sinful and boy was that sinful!!!

Ricky asked who gave it to you ?

God. I prayed for it and God answered my prayer. As I said this I thought I might actually be a saint since God only answers prayers of this magnitude for saints.

“So where’s the quarter?”

“I don’t have it.”

Suddenly Mr.Edwards spoke up and said “Whose magazine is this”?

All the boys pointed at me and said “Hers”

Ricky still owes me a quarter but I gained a great appreciation for trusting God’s presence in my life.

I also learned to get money first before I follow through with a bet.

Writing Marathon- Natalie Goldberg-Writing down the bones.

I must keep my keys close by me inside my pockets so I am never locked out and I can get inside. I have to do this so I know exactly where my kyes are at all times . Latley I’ve come accustomed to keeping I Iphone just as close but it is not as flexaible .

I stood in the classroom as I finished reading Anne Frank the girls choice a

And as the boys said now its our turn

No wait… it was the moment as we finished reading an exerpt of youra good man Charlie brown and Angel Perez said , Wouldn’t it be cool if we could do this play? And I thought why not? So we practiced and produced th efirst

It can’t be long enough this time. I’ve connected with family ,friends and my child in a terrific way . I hope that I can continue to pursue my time working out and walking the occasional tennis game with my daughter. I have tried to put my self first this summer. Working in the garden and around the house finding all kinds of treasures of the past that have been tucked away from sight and from memory. Does that still matter then? The card that tells of my grandmother’s death or the picture of my long deceased mother barely similing standing next to my father. I realize summer is a time to come home and stay breating in the memories that have happened and creating new ones that will carry on in the lives of my famiy. Time to play and share even the smallest prayer

We beg our parents for a dog. Something we could care for and love. We all promised to feed it and water it pick up after it and so finally Mom and Dad caved in and let us get one. We all gathered in the family Country Squire and went to some house “in the country” and we got a little brown puppy who was so loveable. We were told to name the dog and my brother called her “WayLo” because she was way low to the ground . It didn’t take long but my mother declared she would sleep out side and she was chained to a post and in a doghouse. I think it was because my mom never had a dog and never knew just how to raise it .. a lot like children